

THE  
TRYALL

OF THE

Coffee-Man :



Wherein He is Indicted, Arraigned,  
Convicted, and Condemned, by

Sir Benjamin Bacchus,  
Sir Mathew Malt,  
Sir Henry Hop,  
Sir Francis Froth,  
Simon Swift, Clerk to  
the Court.

Judges of  
the Court.

Mr. Antidote,  
Mr. Purge,  
Mrs. Dorothy,  
Mrs. Fone,

Witnesses.

Four Maids, four Wives,  
and four Widows,

Gentlewomen  
the Jury.

ALSO,

The *Petition* and *Desires* of many Thousands Maids, Wives, and  
Widows, in and about the City of *London*, in behalf of themselves,  
and all their Sex. With the *Coffee-mans* Confession; and  
the heavy Sentence pronounced against him by  
Judge *BACCHUS*.

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Published for the Benefit of all Vintners, Brewers, Victuallers, Cooks, Ale-  
wives, Tapsters, and true Companions to the Pot, Pipe, and Can.

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Printed for *J. Jones*, in the *Arabian Kalender*, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ .

# TRAY

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Wanted }  
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Printed for J. Moore, in the London Kingdom, 1865.

# The Tryal of the Coffee-man.

*Vintner.*

**V**ell overtaken Sir, whither away in such  
hast?

*Coffee-man.* I am posting Home Sir,  
my Trade being in it's prime near *Change-time*.

*Vint.* You have a brave time on't, nothing like to quick  
Trading; it can't choose but go well with you, for he must  
needs go the Devil drives; it seems Hell-broth is a Thri-  
ving Commodity, when good *Canary* lies by the *Lee*.

*Coff.* Pray be content Sir, your Trade's good enough.

*Vint.* I wish my gain were like yours, for if I want Cu-  
stom, my Sack devours it self, which cannot be reviv'd or  
preserv'd without great charge, though you with a little  
fair Water replenish your loss; so that your new-tempting  
Liquor is as great a Cheat to the City, as the crafty Whore  
of *Canterbury* was to the Lawyers Clark.

*Brewer.* 'Tis very true, for we have no way to help our  
selves, though he can cozen the Excize-man at pleasure; if  
we do but get a false Guile 'tis found out, the Excize-man  
every Brewing attending to gage our Coppers, and if he finds  
us to play fast and loose, he makes us to pay through the  
Nose; yet there's no finding him out, unless they attend his  
House, drink *Coffee*, and wait all day; so that if he gives an ac-  
count of one Gallon in Ten, he comes off like an honest man,  
for, *Tom Collins Law*, he escapes free, right or wrong.

*Visualler.* Come Brothers, there's more ways to the *Wood*  
then one, we shall never thrive till we have beat up his  
Quarters.

*Coffee-man.* You have no cause to complain, you can nick  
and

and froth lustily, though I fill my Dishes brim-full, & cheat no man of his Measure.

*Viſualler.* We'll shew you a Trick for your Learning; let's Indict him, for if we can but cut him off, our Trade will flourish gallantly.

*Coffee-man.* Nor too fast *Mt. Nimble*, pray who shall Indict you *Mr. Vintner*, for selling your Wine contrary to the Act at 12 d. a Pint, smothering your Knavery with a Plate of Olives, or 2 or 3 Oranges, which brings you off like an honest man; yet I must suffer, although I give many a Pipe of Smoak to a Dish of Coffee.

*Viſualler.* We'll Sir! When you are Condemn'd & executed, take a Legal Tryal if you can; in the mean time, we'll seize you.

The Plot being laid, they apprehend him, and send him Prisoner to the *Brewers Stoak-hole*.

The Court being call'd, *Sir Benjamin Bacchus*, *Sir Mathew Malt*, *Sir Henry Hop*, and *Sir Francis Froth*, appeared on the Bench, where the Jaylor *Mr. Stoaker* brought the Prisoner to the Bar; And a Jury was pannel'd of 4 Widows, 4 Wives, and 4 Maids, *Mrs. Troublesom* being chosen Fore-woman of the Jury. The Clerk having Order (after O Yes, made three times) spake as followeth, *Don Ballingo Blackburn*, Hold up thy Hand at the Bar, and bearken to the Charge whereof thou standest Indicted.

#### The Copy of the Indictment.

*Don Ballingo Blackburn*, Thou standest Indicted, for that thou hast contrary to Law brought in and put to publick Sale that New-Invented and Black Liquor called Coffee, not onely to the destruction of the lawful Trade of Vintners, Brewers, Viſuallers, Alewives, Tapsters, Cooks, and others; but also infected many young Bachelors, Widowers, and married men, to the great injury and undoing of Maids, Widows, and Wives; so that they have been disabled



bled from reaching the Line of Communication, and also unfit to enter their S onces by way of Battery, or otherwise.

What canst thou say for thy self, art thou Guilty of the Felony whereof thou standest Indicted.

*Blackburnt.* Not Guilty my Lord.

*Clerk.* How wilt thou be try'd ?

*Blackburnt.* By all the *Coffee-men* in England.

*Clerk.* You must be try'd by the Court, and a lawful Jury provided for the same end and purpose; What can you say for your self ?

*Blackburnt.* I say that the Liquor I provided was for the good of this Nation, not onely for the restoring Drunkards to their Sences, but the Sick to their Health, it being an infallible Medicine for the Cure of all Diseases.

The Witnesses being call'd and sworn, gave Evidence as follows.

*Antidote.* I know him to be the man that hath done much good for my Profession, by poysoning the People, which is not for my profit to declare, were not I sworn, though it infects the whole Body with Diseases.

*Judge.* What say you *Purge* ?

*Purge.* Since *Coffee* came up, I have utter'd more Syrups, Pills, and Ingredients, than I did before.

*Judge. Jone,* What can you say against the Prisoner at the Bar, speak, for now he stands upon his Deliverance ?

*Jone.* I'm sure for my part he's been my destruction; for honest *Tom* before that Liquor came up, was as kind to me as heart could desire; but now he's much alter'd, & brought into such a condition, that though I am always ready to serv him, he is notwithstanding as backward, as a Thief to take Carr.

*Judge.* And what canst thou say *Dorothy* ?

*Dorothy.* Marry I can say enough, had he been hang'd 7  
years

years ago it had bin better for me ; For our *Dick* is undone by this Drink, he is as lank as a Dish-clout, and absolutely Standard-fallen, being not fit for Service ; so that whatever she be that marryes such a one, *Peer Soul*, what greater sorrow can befall her.

*Judge.* Mr. *Blackburnt*, you hear the Witnesses have given Evidence against you, can you say any thing more for your self ?

*Coffee.* I desire the mercy of the Bench ; for what I did, I was driven to through Poverty, Trading being dead, I knew this way would take with all sorts of People, who delight in new Fancies more then that which may be for their Health and Happiness.

*Judge.* *Gentlemen of the Jury*, You hear what the Witnesses have Evidenced against the Prisoner at the Bar, and what he can say for himself ; you are, according to your Oaths, to bring in your Evidence according to Law, for or against the Prisoner at the Bar.

The Jury withdraw.

*Judge.* Officer, look that none do prompt the Jury, or pervert them.

Their private Discourse.

The 4 *Wives*. For our parts we find him guilty, in regard we have not the love of our Husbands as formerly, but are forced to use young Gallants at home, whilst they spend their Estates at the *Coffee*, smocking their Noses like *Indians*, till their Inwards are like to a *Westphalia* Ham.

The 4 *Widows*. Truly, formerly we were in hopes of good rich Widowers, having brought them to such a Point, that we had them at pleasure ; but now give them a Dish of *Coffee*, and the Case is alter'd.

The 4 *Maids*. Indeed, for our parts, we have sufficient cause to complain, for this sad Liquor hath so shortned the Abilities

**Abilities of Bachelors**, that we are compeli'd to live single; least we dye without Issue, and our Portions be consumed in a *Coffee-house*; besides, since this Liquor came up, we enjoy not the pleasure we had formerly; for now when we should go with Young-men to *Islington, Holloway, Lambeth*, or other places of Recreation, to be merry with a Bott'e of Sack, or a Pot of Ale and a Cake, they are sometimes at a *Coffee-house* drinking that black-burnt Broth, and smoking of their Noses; so that we are much prejudic'd thereby: Let us therefore cut him off, whilst the Power is in our Hands, for it is dangerous to detract time.

*All the Jury.* Come, we are all agreed, he is Guilty, let's give in our Verdict.

*Cryer.* Room for the Gentlewomen of the Jury.

*Clark.* Gentlewomen of the Jury, Are you agreed in your Verdict?

*Jury.* We are all agreed.

*Clark.* Who shall I speak for you?

*Jury.* *Mistris Troublesome* our Fore-woman.

*Clark.* *Don Ballingo Blackburnt.*, Hold up thy Hand; *Gentlewomen of the Jury*, Look upon the Prisouer at the Bar, is he guilty of the Injuries and Wrongs whereof he stands Indicted, or not Guilty?

*Fore-woman.* Guilty of all.

*Clark.* Harken to your Verdict: You say that *Don Ballingo Blackburnt* is guilty of all and every one of the Wrongs and Injuries whereof he is Indicted, and so you say all.

*Jury.* Yes, we do so.

*Clark.* Gentlewomen of the Jury, the Court do discharge you for this time.

The Jury being discharg'd, a Petition was deliver'd to the Bench, in the Names of many Thousands Maids, Wid-  
dowes,



dows, and Wives, in and about the City of London, which was to this effect; *That whereas their Sex had bin the greatest sufferers by the Invention of this Enemy to Women; so they desired the Favour, that one of them might appoint the punishment that should be pronounced against the Prisoner at the Bar.*

The Petition was granted, and Mrs. *Troublesome* call'd in- to the Court, who deliver'd the Sentence in writing to Judge *Bacchus*.

*Clark.* O yes, O yes, O yes, Silence in the Court, whilst Sentence is giving to the Prisoner at the Bar.

*Judge.* Mr. *Blackburnt*, You are here found guilty by the Jury, upon Evidence of several Witnesses; hearken therefore to your Sentence.

You are to be caryed back to the Stoke-hole, from whence you came, and from thence to be carryed to the next *Brewers Copper*, being fill'd with thy own Liquor, to stand there up to thy Neck, till thy Skin be as black as thy *Coffee*, then to have thy principal Members cut off, afterwards to go stark naked through the City, and be beaten by the Maids of *London* with Bulls Engines, till thou comest to *Billingsgate*, where the Fish-wives, Oyster-Lasses, and Orange-Girls, shall pelt thee with Ram-stones, till thou art *Dead, Dead, Dead.*

**FINIS.**